

~ Che ~ Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE · QVASI · SEMPER · VICTVRVS · · VIVE · QVASI · CRAS · MORITVRVS ·

VOL. XL.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 9, 1907.

No. 22.

The Drama during the Nineteenth Century.

JAMES J. QUINLAN, '08.



HE nineteenth century was a period of trial for the drama in England. During that time other sources were open to the literary genius which drew the life-blood from the dramatic art. Up to the beginning of the last century the novel was in its infancy. It was yet an experiment, and still bore the marks of the laboratory. Scott for some time had been laboring in that field and success had crowned his efforts. He proved to the world that novel writing could be made a financial as well as a literary success. With him as an example, many men, engaged in literary pursuits, turned their eyes from the stage and centred all their efforts in the production of prose-fiction, which held out far more enticing prospects to the author than did the drama. A good novel was always sure of a welcome market, while the drama was never sure of a first trial. Besides being a more profitable occupation, the work of writing a novel was lighter and bound by less formality than the drama. The literary man saw that there was more liberty and less rigid law, more freedom in the development of the plot, and less demand for that conciseness and speedy action which is a prime element of a successful drama. He saw also that if he were to succeed in having his plays accepted for the stage, he must compete with unfair rivals and business poets who stole their goods from the French stage, and after having twisted them into conformity with the customs and

local conditions of the time, presented their product to the English play-goers. And for the theatrical managers, who sought only their own personal gain, this was a welcome state of affairs.

The French drama at the time was in a flourishing condition, and the prolific writers of the period kept the theatre ever fresh with new and popular productions. Scribe, who wrote in the first half of the century and who has left some four hundred dramas, proved himself to be a consummate master of the art of play-making. He set at naught all rigid rules and literary theories, and contented himself in amusing the multitude by the fruitfulness of his imagination, aided by a marvelous skilfulness in scenic contrivance. His greatest play was a mere plot, a fascinating story, so skilfully unraveled that it held the attention of the spectators in suspense until the drop of the curtain, after which nothing lasting remained with them. Following him were Victor Hugo, the founder of the Romantic School, not so great, but perhaps the greatest lyric poet of the century, the elder Dumas, a born dramatist with wonderful instinctive felicity, Alfred de Vigny, Augier and Sardou,—all writers of grace and originality of inspiration, who presented a great variety of tastes and subjects.

France had no mean standing in prose-fiction, in the middle half of the nineteenth century; but she had no peer in the dramatic field. Plays in Spain, Germany and Italy were few and of a mediocre class, generally, and the American dramatist was yet unborn. The plays which France produced had this great advantage, or perhaps, to the English drama, this disadvantage, that they were not strictly national, representing conditions and feelings proper to the

French nation alone. They were of a more cosmopolitan coloring, and found acceptance as readily from an Italian, American or English audience as they did from the Parisian public.

It would be out of place in this article to catalogue the number of French plays which, after hasty translations and slight changes in some parts of the texts, found their way, under new names, into the English theatre. Suffice it to say that such plays as "Adrienne Lecouvreur," "Tour de Nesle," "Bataille de Dames,"—in fact, most of the productions by Scribe, Dumas, De Vigny and the others, were accepted in their revised forms by the theatre-goers in most of the foreign countries. These dramas had the popular spirit and satisfied the want of the people. They were full of spirit, gay, and scintillating with wit and piquancy; they were filled with emotion and cries of passion; they had a tenderness and a grace which penetrated to the soul. They expressed the joys and sorrows, the sufferings and agonies of the human soul with an exactness and intensity which claims universal attention. Their burden was the story of life; and in them the verdant hopes and foolish frolics of life's springtime were made to blossom and fade just as the nobler adventures and sterner tragedies of life's summer and autumn seasons were raised to thrilling climaxes, only to strew the shores with ruins and wreckage to be buried beneath the wave of winter's storm. The French dramatist dealt with emotion not character; he aimed at the senses and not so much at the intellect. And since emotion is universal, and since the senses are responsive to an almost common stimulus the world over, the French drama was successful on the English stage, and found a place in the hearts of the English people.

This wholesale absorption of the French drama by other countries was greatly due to the fact that there was then no international copyright nor international stage-right, and a play could be produced on any foreign stage without the author's consent and without his receiving any remuneration for his labor. This made a competition hard to face, and many of the literary men of England drew back from the struggle, and refused to the stage the assistance which

they alone could give. The greater number of writers gave themselves over to prose-fiction, and contributed to make the novel the characteristic literary production of the nineteenth century. Some, however, of a more poetical temperament chose verse as the vehicle best suited to convey their thought. A few of them imitated the form of the drama, but showed no effort to supply it with genuine dramatic action, which is so necessary for stage presentation. Many of the authors stated in their prologues that the poems were cast in dramatic form only because they found that form best fitted for the subjects on hand. They knew with what rivals they would have to contend, and cast aside all hopes that their work would be accepted by the theatrical managers. With their minds thus set they went to work and formed their poems as best they could, at one time using the long narrative structure, and at another casting their theme in distressing imitation of the drama.

Among the greatest of these composers—greatest, because of the intrinsic poetic value of their works—Arnold, Swinburne, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Tennyson, Browning and Aubrey de Vere, should receive special attention. Some of these,—notably Arnold and Swinburne, and Shelley in "Prometheus Unbound" and smaller pieces—formed their dramas after the ancient Greek plays, suited to the stage of Dionysius. They thought to write plays in the nineteenth century after the fashion of the ancient Greek masters; but the spirits of the two ages could not be reconciled, and consequently, these masters of poesy fell short in their copy of the ancients, and have given us a tasteless mixture of Grecian subject and form with modern spirit and ideas. Arnold's principal plays were: "Merope," and "Empedocles on Etna." Swinburne depended mostly for success on "Atalanta in Calydon," and "Chastelard."

The second group of poet playwrights, on the other hand, aped the formlessness of Shakespeare's chronicle plays and the like, which, however well these may have been suited to the Elizabethan stage, their imitations fell short of the necessary dramatic spirit of the nineteenth century. Wordsworth is known in the dramatic

field by the "Borderers," a tragedy which, though favorable in theme, is lacking in the dramatic treatment which makes a play adjustable to the stage.

The story may be read with intense interest, but yet we feel the want of a strong type of manhood, of a dominating character, to sway the interest in the plot. The poet himself best explains the nature of the tragedy: "The study of human nature," he says, "suggests this awful truth: that as in the trials to which life subjects us, sin and crime are apt to start from their very opposite qualities, so are there no limits to the hardening of the heart and the perversion of the understanding to which they may carry their slaves." "My care," he says in another place, "was almost exclusively given to the passions and the characters, and the position in which the persons in the drama stood relatively to each other, that the reader (for I had then no thought of the stage) might be moved, and, to a degree, instructed, by the lights penetrating somewhat into the depths of our nature."

Contemporary with Wordsworth, we have Coleridge, who also attempted the drama and throughout bears a resemblance to Wordsworth, not in the poetic heights to which that poet reached, but in the movement whose slogan was the search after truth and the return to nature. As John Morley says, "that friendship with Wordsworth—the chief 'developing' circumstance of his poetic life—comprehended a very close intellectual sympathy." According to Saintesbury, Coleridge is the only one of the great Pleiads of the nineteenth century who was successful on the stage. His tragedy, "Remorse," met with a fair success and brought him some money for a time, and likewise "Zapolya;" but even they are not great as "Othello" or "Le Cid" are great. Though Shelley has given us "Prometheus Unbound" and several short pieces, his chief claim to attention here rests on his tragedy, the "Cenci." The plot is historic and highly dramatic, and in his attempt to lessen the tragic horror of the facts, Shelley has still failed to fit it for acceptance. It is a story of tyrannous power and of a martyr's energy. The poet wished his work to be a light which would

illuminate the darkest and most secret recesses of the heart.

In his preface to the work he says: "The person who would treat such a subject must increase the ideal and diminish the actual horror of the events, so that the pleasure, which arises from the poetry that exists in these tempestuous sufferings and crimes, may mitigate the pain of the contemplation of the moral deformity from which they spring." And Shelley's main fault is, that while he has maintained the real and human in life he has forced too much idealism into the passions, thus giving them a tinge of unnaturalness.

Tennyson, owes little of his greatness as a poet to his efforts as a playwright. He wrote but a few—*Queen Mary*, *Harold* and *À Becket* are his best—though he has left us an abundance of dramatic material in his idylls and other long poems. Browning wrote a number of dramas and tragedies, among which, "*Pippa Passes*," "*King Victor and King Charles*," and the "*Return of the Druses*" may be mentioned as typical examples of his work. Aubrey de Vere composed several dramas after the old forms. "*Mary Tudor*" and "*Thomas of Canterbury*" are the best both in poetical expression and dramatic action and technique. De Vere in his *Thomas of Canterbury* has shown throughout a greater insight into human nature, in this tragic struggle between two divided friends, than does Tennyson. The closing scenes in both plays aptly illustrate this statement. The laureate, too, despite his conscious efforts, does not strike the dramatic strain so nearly and evenly as does De Vere. Tennyson's reads splendidly, but has been staged with ill success. De Vere's reads with at least an equal pleasing effect and is more capable of favorable presentation.

This action of the English poets widened the breach between the stage and the men-of-letters and almost completed the separation of literature from the theatre during the nineteenth century. It gave to the world what is known as the closet-drama, which, as Molière put it, was only *bon à mettre au cabinet*. Brander Mathews says that "these unactable dramatic poems had no bold collision of will to serve as a backbone, had scarcely any of the necessary

scenes, and lacked the actuality of the real play which is intended to be performed on the stage and before an audience." There was a smack of unreality in the characters, and the action never had the vitality which is found in a successful play. The characters were stiff at times, and the dialogue lacked the conciseness and sharp wit which is characteristic of the true drama. The closet-drama "put on the garb of the drama without having possessed itself of the spirit of the drama." Although some of these poems show great poetical power, and at times evince remarkable dramatic possibilities, yet because they lacked the dramatic finish and followed not the technique of the playwright, these poems may claim no place in a study of the drama proper.

In contrast with these dramatists who divorced themselves from the stage, we have another class who may be said to have divorced themselves from literature. John O'Keefe and James Sheridan Knowles are especially worthy of consideration.

John O'Keefe composed some fifty dramas which had in them more of the dramatic life and vigor than most of the productions of the time. Saintesbury says of him that he "has few gifts beyond knowledge of the stage, Irish shrewdness, Irish prattle, and an honest, straightforward simplicity; and that one turns to him from the other dramatists of the period with some relief, is even more to their discredit than to his credit." "The Merry Mourners," "Castle of Andalusia," and "Wild Oats," exemplify his best work. Knowles was probably the best of the dramatic writers—such as they were in the first half of the century—because he had some literary qualifications and a thorough knowledge of human nature, without which no drama can exist; not, however, on account of his verse, his theme, his character treatment, or even his technique, all of which were no better than the ordinary. Of his tragedies, "Virgilius" is the most widely known, and of his comedies, "The Hunchback," and "The Love Chase" have been before the public probably more than any others.

This, then, indicates briefly the growth of the drama and the conditions under which the closet-drama received its birth. We have seen the prosperity of prose-fiction,

and witnessed the part it played in the decline of the drama; we have noticed the breach between the stage and literature in nineteenth-century England. When we seek for the causes of it all, we find them in the sudden, unprecedented success of Walter Scott with the novel, and in the superabundant dramatic material of the French stage, existing without stage-right or copyright. Though the drama was practically dead in England, the closet-dramas and the prose-fiction of the period stand as remarkable monuments wherein were buried the dramatic possibilities of the century which has just closed.

Mr. Harriman's Turn Next.

WESLEY J. DONAHUE, '07.

WHEN Harriman owns all the railroads
That run from New York to San Fran.
Will he, longing for fame, get into the game
And with the philanthropists stand,
As a teacher, a preacher, a founder of schools
Or as chief of a missioner's band?

When John D. controlled all the oil-wells
That bubbled from Kansas to Penn.,
When he'd crushed competition, he founded a mission
To save from their ways selfish men.
Now will Harriman pass, or will he join the class
Who want to divide up again?

When Andy had made many millions
By turning bad iron into steel,
His dollars, like fairies, soon founded libraries
Where people could learn not to steal.
What will Harriman do now that his turn's come too,
The philanthropist's zeal will he feel?

Last night in a vision I saw him,
He was writing out notes, drafts and checks,
Building hospitals grand throughout the whole land
To care for the victims of wrecks,
That occur every day, while the railroad men gay
Are drawing their "divys" in pecks.

I wonder, I wonder, I wonder,
Oh, what shall he choose to become?
Will he write books on ethics or else on cosmetics,
Or will he make rebaters hum?
Will he come out at last and declare with a blast
That at last competition has come?

His Good Excuse.

EDWARD P. CLEARY.

It was the Wednesday evening before the regular bi-monthly exams. Bill Wiggins sat at the little table in his college room in that brain-searching, blank-paper attitude so common among those who lack that great indefinable something which enables a more fortunate brother to grind out three weighty themes in an evening and still have sufficient time to look over "Othello" for the morrow before the wink makes him swear.

Bill felt tired, there was no denying it, and yet he strove as best he could to overcome the temptation of sleep. First, he thought of athletics, but they were dead; then he essayed Shakespeare, but that was hackneyed; try as he would it seemed of no avail. At last in despair he laid aside his pencil. Some unseen power was pulling at those eyelids with a tremendous weight. His mind grew heavy. The books on the shelf before him seemed to blur into an indefinite mass, while the shapes and forms around faded into nothingness.

A hazy brightness shone in the distance, and from its depths, slowly, but surely, he noticed a luminous object approaching. Nearer and nearer it came like a hideous nightmare; he gazed at it with piercing eyes, and lo! forth from those luminous depths rose the form of a spectre tall and gaunt. A shudder shook Bill's powerful frame as he saw the figure before him, but his fears were soon to melt away, for in another moment the spectre stretched forth his shadowy arm and spoke:

"Be not afraid, good sir, I will do thee no harm, for I am at your service, and whatsoever you shall ask so shall it be given thee. Say but the word 'please,' and immediately your wish shall be carried out."

Wiggins taken so unawares was at his wits' end to think up something to request. June fourteenth, a trip home, a cool million, a John D. income, all suggested themselves but did not seem to satisfy. Just then he

thought of his three back themes. Here was just what he had been looking for all evening. Wasn't it great? Without a second thought he commanded the spectre:

"If thou art my servant, bring to me at once, if you *please*, three first-class stories and you shall be my friend forever."

No sooner had he uttered the words than the spectre drew back the folds of his luminous coat, and there stood revealed three large scrolls of paper.

"Behold!" said he, "thy wish is granted. Three stories do I give thee, and of their content give thee heed. The first concerns a certain teacher of a class, who to no avail doth chide a laggard youth who failed his duties to perform. The plot is old, the setting new, and interesting will it be to thee.

"The second is a tale of home, of father, who a certain letter has received on which are certain figures writ and which do sorely vex him.

"The third is of a wise man great, who from a certain book doth read the figures such as are set forth in story second. Before a vastly crowd doth he stand and to a youth advice he handeth. Now take these all and go thy way, for thou hast had thy wish to-day."

And Wiggins, his heart leaping with joy reached forth his hand to grasp from the mighty spectre the treasured stories. Alas! before he could get his hand upon them the whole vision of spectre and stories suddenly disappeared.

Wiggins opened his eyes; it was dark except for the light of the yellow moon gazing in at the window. He looked at his watch. It was just two minutes past ten.

"THEY who do not live by the labor of their hands, will, if they are not ignoble, strive in every way to go to the help of those by the labor of whose hands they live."

"SERIOUSNESS is wisdom's sister: for we are not wise when life seems to us but mirth and delight. They alone become conscious of its meaning and worth who feel that it is awful as eternity, mysterious as God; that it is a conflict where the soul hangs between infinite being and mere nothingness."

Varsity Verse.

WILDWOOD.

WHEN in the wildwood's sweet domain
I cast my cares unto the wind,
When in the wildwood's powdered lane
I shake the mold from off my mind.

I wander down each separate way,
Plucking the blossoms from the stems,
Building bowers for a day
'Neath the shadowed circle rims.

There is one spot above all the rest
That meets my fancy's roving mood,
It is beneath a mammoth crest,
A cave with lawn within a wood.

When in the wildwood's sweet domain
I seek this inward, fashioned plot
There in the wildwood's powdered lane
A glorious glowing, greenland spot.

THE MINIM.

Clothes all soiled but cheeks aglow,
Unkempt hair and torn cap,
Laughing while the hours go,
Barefoot, happy little chap.

Speaking love to all the earth,
Image of heaven's true peace and joy,
Happy home that gave you birth,
Thoughtless, cheerful little boy.

Play on through the livelong day;
Take life's pleasures while you can,
Let no moment slip away,
Joyous, sturdy little man.

G. J. F.

C.

MY CONSOLATION.

Of all the losses in this world
Which men must sometimes bear,
There's none that causes so much pain
As that of losing hair.

Perceiving that your shining brow
Is getting high and wide,
You see the "Doc." concerning it;
He says, "Try Hericide."

But when in spite of Hericide
Your stock of hair runs low,
You comb it from the centre down
So that the sides won't show.

And next you feel your silken locks
Behind, not very thick;
And then your hats all get too big—
Say, don't this make you sick?

Each morning when you wash yourself,
You tie a black shoe-lace,
To know just where your scalp leaves off,
And where begins your face.

All hope seems gone, but just one ray
Says, "yet, you may be saved."
You welcome it, and some bright morn
You're found close clipped and shaved.

Though fate on all, some burden lays,
As o'er life's coals we're hauled,
You will not blame me when I say,
"I'm glad that I'm not bald."

G. F. J.

Dreams.

JOSEPH LAND.

There are many events in our daily life which interest us because they affect our existence, and therefore we watch them with great interest. There are many other happenings which have a very direct relation with us and with our way of acting, but with which we bother little because they are a bit of life and pass in and out of our experience with the same regularity that the sun does in its rising and in its going down. But there is one class of experiences which interests all of us, not because of any importance which they may be considered to possess, but merely because of

their commonness and universality of experience, because on each occasion the nature of the sensation is different from that of any preceding one. They are made the subject of many a breakfast table chat, as well as the source of many an idle fairy tale. As a part of life they have been studied and discussed by students and professors, and have been made an indirect source of money for the fortune-teller.

I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more inconstant than the wind.

These few lines express fairly well what Shakespeare thought of dreams. For him they were "the children of an idle brain begot of nothing but vain fantasy." And Dryden thought pretty much the same way when he said that

Dreams are but interludes, which fancy makes;
When monarch Reason sleeps, this mimic wakes.

And this was a common opinion among many poets concerning the nature of dreams.

During the laborious and tedious life of the body during the day, the soul has no time for rest but is always occupied with the burden of its charge. When the body is worn and tired after the labors of the day, this active part of man is still agile and unwearied. It is only when the soul is freed from the body, when the hands of sleep have loosened the bonds which linked the soul to the body, and when that conjunction of the lighter spirit with her heavier and more unwieldy companion has been severed that the soul is able to skip and play in the meadows of its own creation. Then is its freedom unbounded and its playground unlimited. The spirit is as a nurse to the body, and it is only when its charge is asleep that the soul may wander where it will and amuse itself in whatsoever sports or recreations it chooses. While the body is weak and no longer able to continue in action with its lighter and more active partner, while it is at rest, regaining its lost energies and receiving the necessary reparations, the soul continues in action, more violent, it would seem, than in our waking hours.

Our dreams are the frolics and refreshments of the soul which, as soon as it tires of one kind of amusement turns itself to another. Sometimes the spirit wishes to mingle with the beauty and youth of springtime and scamper with the lambs upon the mountain side; at other times it prefers to be in familiar places and wander with old acquaintances, or lie in some quiet grove, to think, to remember, and listen to the music which nature gives forth freely. Now the sound of cannon and the clash of steel delights it, and the tension of excitement gives it pleasure; a humorous or ridiculous comedy entertains it, and a feeling of surprise or joy gives it satisfaction. But these common

experiences do not form a limit to the soul's resources. The spirit is active and inventive. At its will it creates a new world and brings into existence new personages, new characters, new scenery and new conditions. Sometimes it mixes the pleasant with the disagreeable, the beautiful with the unsightly, the humorous with the serious, the joyful with the sorrowful, and so creates new conditions and new surroundings; in a word, it creates for its own amusement a new world, fills it with scenery of its own raising and inhabits it with company of its own choosing. And so the soul acts freely and without restraint. As Thomas Love Peacock says:

Dreams, which beneath the hov'ring shades of night,
Sport with the ever-restless minds of men,
Descend not from the gods. Each busy brain
Creates it own.

Dreams, therefore, are instances of the great activity and perfection of the soul when it is disengaged of its heavier charge. It is wonderful to observe what a change comes over the spirit while the body sleeps. Many persons, who in their daily life are slow of speech, in their dreams make eloquent and unpremeditated harangues. The serious minded are given over to humor and frivolity and the dull indulge in all points of wit. It is not uncommon that we have dreams in which we read newspapers or books, thus inventing the matter and words as we go along.

There is in our dreams such a sense of realism, of truth and sincerity that one writer on this topic was led to say that "we are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleep, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul.... Were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams, and this time also would I choose for my devotion." The author of these lines felt, as all of us must feel, the strength and sense of earnestness with which the passions and emotions affect the mind in our dreams. Joy and sorrow never make such a strong impression on us as they do then, and the feeling of calmness or fright never possesses us so fully at any other time.

It is often stated, and not without con-

siderable claim on our belief, that our dreams tend to follow along the lines of least resistance. By that it is meant that we are more likely to dream about persons or things that have made a deeper impression on us than we are to dream about those which have not affected us so strongly. It is more probable that we will dream about subjects upon which we have thought much than about those to which we gave but little attention.

There is much in what Montaigne said when he wrote: "I believe it to be true that dreames are the true interpreters of our inclinations; but there is art required to sort and understand them." Both these are nothing more than different aspects of the subject and as such must be given a place in our consideration. The first theory, if we may be allowed to call it such, and the one accepted by most of the poets, teaches us that dreams are mere phantoms of the brain. This conception of the mind's workings during sleep recognizes no law in regard to the nature of the processes.

The poet's theory is that dreams are the idle wanderings of the brain, the amusements of the soul—nothing more. Montaigne's idea on the other hand intimates a general law which influences the subject and nature of our dreams. He believes that our likes and dislikes lead and direct our dreams, while some psychologists explain the sudden and abrupt changes in our dreams by some physical influence affecting us at that moment. No matter what we assign as the power which directs the course of our dreams and gives them color and variety, we must all, I believe, admit that the reality and vividness with which they appeal to us is due to the fact that during the presentation the soul is, as it were, freed or almost freed from the machine to which it has been linked, that then it is not occupied with incoming images nor entangled in the motions or operations of the body in which it lives. It is a common fact that the intensity and feeling of reality with which dreams are presented often rouse the sleeper from his slumbers. Often has fear made my hair grow stiff and brought a cold perspiration to my brow, and often too have I been awakened from a pleasant dream, and sitting up in

bewilderment, I felt like exclaiming with the poet:

Is this a dream? O if it be a dream,
Let me sleep on, and do not wake me yet!

After we have considered dreams in this cursory way, we are still unready to make any definite statement as to the exact nature of the workings of the spirit during these active moments of the soul. We are rather spurred on to ponder some more on its nature in order more fully to understand the spirit abiding within us. And the more we meditate, the more we wonder. It is hard to calculate how long it takes a dream to pass in and out of consciousness. Some writers say that the longest dream we ever have occupies no more than a few seconds. Others limit the time to a moment or two, and hold that in that time the soul erects its own stage, creates its own characters, forms the plot, and is at the same time the actor and spectator at its own drama. And so when we consider everything, we must have patience with psychologists because they do not satisfy us, and are still compelled to marvel at the greatness and perfection of the human soul, to admire its workings, and attribute all to God who gave it to us.

Bunch.

D. L. CALLICRATE, '08.

Bunch is an ordinary sized shepherd dog, stands about two feet high, somewhat intelligent looking, and I think, as you will observe from the sketch, rather useful and even gifted. His name is an odd one for a dog, but owing to his close resemblance to a bunch of fuzz when a pup was so named. He could easily be taken for a full-blooded shepherd in spite of his bird-dog blood. In his rambles, though, this blood reveals itself very readily, for he makes himself more useful than the most ingeniously devised scarecrow. If he sees a crow flying peacefully along, he immediately starts after it, running under the bird, barking up at it. In this manner he would often chase it a quarter of a mile across the fields. Our "truck patch," using the

term as a farmer, which in the ordinary idiom is nothing more than a garden on a large scale, is never invaded by crows, either the winged black tribe or wingless white tribe, known better as our "long-fingered friends," which frequent Indiana fields.

Again, this particular quality of blood which courses hotly in Bunch's veins manifests itself toward chicken-hawks. One moment he may be seen contentedly dozing away in his favorite lounging place, a clump of horse radish, and the next instant he is darting around the house towards the orchard, woods or vineyard where an old rooster with a party of hens has strayed intending to spend the afternoon unmolested bug hunting; he seems to delight in the frightened cackle of staid hens flying in all directions. Bunch can tell the harmonies of the barn-yard from other noises. But here in this particular his good sense stops. He sacrifices the sweets of dreamland to chase across the field, now and then jumping up on his hind legs, to bark more emphatically at the swift-winged hawk.

Chickens, ducks and turkeys may be birds, but Bunch draws the line there, and even shies around the chickens when they go to cross his path, ever since he got in trouble with an old clucking hen out walking with her flock of little ones.

So much for one side of Bunch's activity; now for some of his useful qualities as a watch dog and helper about the farm. We always know when some one is coming, for he bursts into a fit of barking which duly advertises us of approaching danger. If in the house when some one knocks he will plant himself before the door and bark for all he is worth, and as soon as the door is opened the least bit will force himself through. It is evident that his purpose is to get out of the house before the stranger should enter. Often in this way he makes it rather disagreeable for the visitor in the yard.

When taking the cows to pasture Bunch is nearly always ahead of the herd to prevent them from straying beyond the pasture gate, a habit they have which annoys the herdsman not a little when Bunch happens to be absent. In the evening

when it is time to get them again all I have to say is "Bunch get the cows," and away he goes; by the time I get to the field he has them all rounded up and waiting at the gate.

Bunch is always anxious to help around the farm and he is also always just as anxious to play. When anything amuses him he will run out to the barnyard or orchard where he indulges in a little sport of his own with a particular stone he has located there for that purpose. His fun consists in rolling this stone and arresting its motion, all the while growling in a playful manner.

Another form of amusement which he delights in very much is proudly running beside my sister carrying the hem of her skirt in his mouth whenever he finds her strolling about the yard; or when returning from an all day's absence he runs to meet me and very gently takes my hand in his mouth and trots along beside me to the house.

One thing that always puzzles me is whether he likes music or not. Whenever he hears it he pricks up his ears, turns his head first to one side, then to the other, as though very much pleased; but again will whine very softly and cry as though it brings back sad remembrances. The louder the music the louder he whines and howls, as though imagining singing should accompany the music.

When the music ceases he looks up at the player inquiringly, as if he would see the sounds. But he soon grows impatient of parlor life. The passing shadow of a bird on the windowpane or a chirp from the rookery, or the mere thought of his stone in the stack-yard will provoke him to demand an exit.

"GREAT minds receive the influence of great minds, and they are often most original in making their own that which they have borrowed. Dante compels into his service all that was known in his day, Shakspere takes whatever suits his purpose, St. Augustin is inspired by Plato, St. Thomas is the disciple of Aristotle. There is in living minds a circulation of ideas, as in living bodies there is a circulation of material substances."

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

Published every Saturday during Term Time at the
University of Notre Dame.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address: THE EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Notre Dame, Indiana, March 9, 1907.

Board of Editors.

EDWARD F. O'FLYNN, '07.

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07	LOUIS M. KELLEY, '07
WESLEY J. DONAHUE, '07	WM. E. CUNNINGHAM, '07
WILLIAM A. BOLGER, '07	FRANCIS T. MAHER, '08
ROBERT L. BRACKEN, '08	WILLIAM LENNARTZ, '08
PATRICK M. MALLOY, '07	VARNUM A. PARRISH, '09
LEO J. COONTZ, '07	PAUL R. MARTIN '09
ROBERT A. KASPER, '07	IGNATIUS E. MCNAMEE, '09

—Something new happened Thursday night. We always like new things, but we are more than pleased with Corby's innovation. The spirit in Corby is surely

The right stuff, and it augurs well for success. "Smokers" have been in order at Notre Dame for years, and have provoked much good-fellowship, but the affair in Corby marks a new development. A club has been organized, the object of which is to bring the men of the University together once a month and enjoy the best Havanas or Turks, according to one's taste. During the smoke some of the University's best and most brilliant men will speak. Thursday night Prof. Walter Harrington, who, by the way, deserves a great deal of credit for the enterprise, was the speaker, and he delivered an interesting and instructive address on "Socialism." While explaining the object and aim of the club, Mr. O'Brien presented the President with a great bouquet of roses, and Father Cavanaugh responded. In his reply he was the same Father Cavanaugh we know, and his words in sympathy with the club's aim more than prophesied success.

After it all refreshments were served and

at a late hour the affair broke up. So much for the program, but it's the spirit of it all that appeals to us. The influence such meetings have on the University men in general can not be measured. It surely was the most successful meeting of all the students, and the promoters deserve much praise. Unconventionality yet perfect propriety, good fellows enjoying a talk and a smoke, universal spirit and enthusiasm, all, combined with the representatives of the administration, tell what Corby's smoke-talk was. If a visitor came Thursday night and asked to see the University we would unhesitatingly have brought him to Corby's "rec" room and said: "Here is the University." And this suggests a thought to us: couldn't a Smoke-Talk be arranged at intervals and serve as more than a senate but as a convention, for the promotion of other student activities, which involve both the student body and the administration? For at these smoke-talks, "Here is the University."

Success and congratulations, men of Corby!

Mr. Hamm's Lecture.

Last Monday afternoon we listened to one of the most delightful lectures of this season's course—"Old Times in Dixie." Mr. John Hamm, who entertained us, is a distinguished lecturer, and in the last ten years has traversed the length and breadth of this country delivering more than a thousand lectures. Mr. Hamm is gifted both as a story-teller and an orator. He is a Southerner, a native of Georgia, and as such is well qualified to speak with authority on whatever relates to the South. His mission, as he sees it, is to please and to teach. Judging from the general appreciation of his lecture last Monday his mission is being admirably accomplished. That he pleased us, especially with his plantation stories and humorous anecdotes, the quiet that prevailed in the Hall during the lecture and the tumultuous applause that followed, gave ample proof; and that he led us to a fairer, broader conception of the relations that existed between planters and their slaves in the old slavery days is no less equally true.

In the Jail at the Hague.

Some idea of the principle of "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" raised to its greatest extreme of barbarism and paganism may be obtained from the room of the implements of torture in the jail at the Hague, the jail where Cornelius De Witt was confined when falsely accused of the murder of William of Orange. He was condemned to be burned, and the sentence was carried into effect on the 20th of August in the year 1672. His brother, Johan, filled with brotherly love and devotion visited him during his confinement and tried to console him; and he himself was seized and killed with his brother, being accused as an accomplice, and their feet were hung to the court-house.

In this jail also John Baker, a Roman Catholic priest, was also confined, and with all the fierceness of an animal nature, with a total disregard for human life or suffering, the authorities strangled him to death and burned his body. During his confinement he drew his picture upon the wall of his cell with his own blood, the picture being still visible. He attempted to escape and with a spoon actually dug a large hole in the thick concrete wall; but his efforts were fruitless, and seemed to make the authorities crave for his blood with an intenser lust.

The implements of torture one sees upon passing through this jail, with its floor of six hundred years ago, are enough to make one turn away in disgust. Here in one of the rooms you will see an old instrument with which many people were tortured. It consists of a large bench, and upon it are places for the feet and hands. In these the limbs are fastened and gradually torn away from the body. This ordeal over, the victim was hit upon the head with a heavy hammer and relieved of his sufferings. When a person was condemned to death a large wooden hammer was wielded three times over his head in order to show that he must soon die.

"Here and there are death chambers in which a person was placed one day before his death. A peculiar custom prevailed and

it was that the condemned man could have anything he desired for his last meal, the remnants of the food being placed in a box and distributed among the poor.

Another form of torture, that of dropping cold water upon the head of the victim, was much employed. A large bucket, with a small hole at the bottom, was placed over the head of the unfortunate one, a constant dripping taking place. After one day the person was mad and in three days he died. A man's guilt or innocence was also tested here in a peculiar manner. A person suspected of a crime was obliged to walk over red-hot irons, and if he was so fortunate as to come out from the ordeal unscratched, he was declared innocent and given his freedom; but if he was burnt, as he necessarily must be, he was considered guilty and executed. It is claimed that people used to put some sort of substance upon their feet, which prevented them from being burnt; but there is no authority for this statement.

The most horrible method conceivable perhaps was the starving of condemned people. The method of doing it reminds one of Dante's Inferno, in which he pictures hell for different kinds of law-breakers and various kinds of people. The starving of the prisoner at the Hague was horrible enough; but to this was added the intense pain of smelling food, and knowing that none was to be obtained. A large pipe ran down to the cell in which the victim was confined and in the upper room cooking of most dainty and odorous foods was constantly going on, the odor going down the pipe and into the cell of the poor unfortunate victim, who would die knowing and enjoying food in one sense, but dying for want of it. There are other methods of torture in this jail; but those I have mentioned are perhaps the most horrible.

A peculiar thing about the jail is that upon one of its walls you will read the letters Z M D W D V S. If you ask about them, you will be told that they mean either that man does what women says or that women do what man says. You can take it either way; they do not care which meaning you prefer. Your interpretation may depend upon your sex; but that is not always true.

Athletic Notes.

The dual track meet which was to have been held with Indiana has been canceled, and although not definitely settled the Manager is trying to arrange a triangular meet to be held at Notre Dame, to include Notre Dame, Indiana, and Wabash either on the 16th or 23d of March. Wabash has been heard from and express their willingness to compete; and although Indiana has not as yet signified their intention, it is likely that they will agree to the proposed affair and the meet will be pulled off. The last triangular meet held here was the Chicago, Illinois and Notre Dame meet about six years ago, Notre Dame winning the meet in the last event. The proposed affair would undoubtedly prove to be interesting, and Wabash has an extra good team this year; and although but little is known of Indiana's team it is safe to say that the down-state school will turn out a good bunch of men. Notre Dame has the best bunch she has had for several years, and a hard struggle would surely result from a meeting of the three schools.

* *

Captain Waldorf and his ball tossers are still plugging away in the Gym daily, and nothing new has taken place in the daily routine. "Jerry" Sheehan is confined in the Infirmary with tonsilitis and has not been out this week. Scanlon, the other cripple, is doing nicely and will be able to appear on crutches in another week, which will be at least one step nearer getting into the game.

* *

The eastern trip fell with a horrible jar when it was found that the men on the team would be compelled to take early "exams" and leave school before the regular final "exam" in June. Either the schedule will have to be made all over again or the trip will be given up, and the chances are about one hundred to one that the trip will be given up, for at this late date it will be almost impossible to rearrange the schedule, as nearly every team has its schedule completed now, so it is very reasonable to suppose that the entire schedule

will be canceled. It was impossible for the management to arrange the schedule any other way, and it has been hoped that some kind of an arrangement could be made whereby the members of the team could fix up their class work; but as it is the final "exam," and the most important one, it has been deemed advisable to dispense with the trip.

* *

The 17th of march is generally the day set aside for the baseball men to quit the Gym and go outside, and making one big guess, it looks as though they will live up to the custom this year.

* *

The track team has let down a little, occasioned by the uncertainty of the coming meets, but are working each day and keeping in good shape. Smithson's injured leg is nearly well and he has been out this week getting back into form. Graham has been resting for the past week and has not been in a suit all week, suffering from a slight attack of the grip. Kasper, who has been laid up with his lame back, is out again, and will be in shape for the coming meet. Jim Keefe and Long John Scales have let up a little, and are taking things easy along with the rest of the team.

* *

Manager Draper, who used to be plain "Bill Draper, track man from Notre Dame, always to be feared in any company," may compete in the C. A. A. meet in Chicago next week, if he can work out the long-resting bones. Two years ago he was the highest point-winner in the C. A. A. meet, and was one of the best all-around men in the West. He has not decided yet whether he will enter the coming meet or not, as he has not had time to learn whether he can get back in shape on such a short notice.

* *

The most exciting thing that has happened around the Gym this week was an exhibition 40-yard dash between "Elephant" Berve and "Red" Miller, the latter winning in a close finish, but Berve's shoes handicapped him greatly as they would not stay on. It is rumored though that Miller would have won anyway.

R. L. B.

Notes from the Colleges

The tobacco man at the University of Nebraska is in about the same plight as the American Indian in his westward search for a home. He may not smoke on the campus, and the latest edict punishes the crime of chewing with expulsion.

Ohio State and Indiana "clash" in debate this year.

Minnesota defeated Purdue in basket-ball the other day. Seems as if this Western school up there in the north, and all alone too, has a bug in its ear to win this year in all events.

Just now between the moleskin season and the horsehide season, there is a sort of dullness about our American colleges. The only college activities to speak about are the debates and basket-ball, and these command but a half-hearted enthusiasm. We are more body than brain evidently, and that's the reason for the dullness.

Cornell is competing with Georgetown to-day for honors on the cinder path.

Yale defeated Columbia in a wrestling contest. Each team in these bouts is composed of three members graduated in size into heavy, middle, and light weights.

Despite the formation of a Missouri Valley conference, Iowa has decided to remain in the Big Nine. Evidently the Iowa athletic faculty are not imbued with Cæsarian ideas, as they would sooner be overshadowed by big nine "big" schools than to overshadow the struggling little college further west.

At Illinois the other night, the Philippine students held a meeting, made speeches worthy of any Patrick Henry, and thus in general aired their patriotism to the appreciation of their auditors. No doubt the Americans who were present have

changed all their ideas about the islands in the Pacific. It takes a young man, touched up with a bit of education and transplanted in a foreign country to tell you what his people are worth.

Marcus P. Knowlton, Chief Justice of Massachusetts, a graduate from that University in the class of '60, at a recent alumni dinner took occasion to say that there is more deep, profound and complete learning to-day in every department of human knowledge. Really, Marcus, we believe you simply said it to ease our conscience on that score.

While we are now and then visited with a case of "mumps," our friends down in Purdue are suffering from a regular epidemic of the "child disease."

DePauw has quite a basket-ball team this year. That accounts for the many different cuts of the team, that we see stuck in almost every "convenient" page of Indiana college papers. "It pays to advertise" is a maxim in honor-getting that DePauw religiously adheres to.

The Minnesota University is a school of student politics. Nearly all its editorials are headed, "How to vote," "What to do," or "How to get it." In fact, the Minnesota *Daily*, in some of its issues, looks like an improved sort of a "voting machine"—one too that Charley Murphy, Roger Sullivan, or some one of the "boys," would like as a means to an end.

The William Jewell *Student*, a paper published somewhere in Missouri, attempts to call the *Virginian* for not having an exchange column. Permit us to say that the "Easy Chair" in the *Virginian* contains more readable stuff and whole-hearted ideas and benefits the college paper infinitely more than the most critical column of exchange matter in the Jewell *Student* could ever do. College papers are not bound to be critical, or at least are not obliged to be academically so.

P. M. M.

Prof. Banks' Talk.

For an hour and a half on Saturday night Prof. Banks told the student body about "The oldest city in the world." His talk was instructive and very interesting. The ruins of Bismaya and its civilization were brought out clearly in Mr. Banks' discourse. Necessarily familiar with his topic, Mr. Banks proved quite a success.

Book Reviews.

SCHOOL HYGIENE AND THE LAWS OF HEALTH. Charles Porter. Longmans, Green & Co.

What was originally a course of lectures has been used as a basis for a compact and thorough work on the Human System and the relation the school room bears to it. The work is divided into two parts. The first part takes up each system in the body in turn, the structure and functions of the organs composing it, and the modes in which they might be affected by school conditions and disease, and how they are to be protected. The second part deals mainly with the school building, the furnishing, sanitation, ventilation, etc. The book is well illustrated and contains 300 pages.

Anything the Catholic Truth Society brings out is deserving of notice, but matter from the pen of Brother Azarias is bound to attract attention. "Cloistral Schools," written in the inimitable and convincing style of Azarias, is a dissertation on our great cloistral school of the past and the kind of work which has been done for centuries.

A Page's Notes.

When the House came to order last Wednesday us pages were all in our places as usual, and, like we always do, we fell asleep as soon as the gavel fell. But the way they rushed through routine work drove all the sleep out of us, and we soon found something was in the wind. Speaker Reno hardly got the preliminaries off the boards when the House resolved itself into a committee of the whole to listen to evidence against Representative F. H. Cull, of Utah,

who has had the charge of Mormonism hanging over his head for nearly the whole session. The committee on House rules and program, so I heard Representative Collentine say, expected to get this case off the slate before next session; but then you can't go on anything, Collentine says, he is the most unreliable news agency on the floor. As matters stand now it looks as though that dog-goned trial would worry through two or even three sessions more.

They say that trial is liable to bring out some interesting dope, and I have an idea it will. But if brainy counsel can do anything, Cull stands a blamed fine show of being acquitted. He has, first of all, "Long" Wood. Wood is quite a *poplar* attorney, they say, but he is clever anyhow. "Red" Boyle, who gets his name because he hasn't got black hair, is the lawyer for the defense, and John Delmas Fox is the third. Boyle's suit is striking judicial attitudes, but as to Fox I can't say how he is going to pan out. I didn't even get a look at his face, though I craned my neck, because there were so many law books piled up in front of him.

Right across the aisle and facing the defense sat counsel for the House. In that crowd are Dougherty, the man who can twist questions until there isn't a man on the floor, except perhaps Wood and Speaker Reno himself, able to rake up an objection. Then there is McNamee. He can talk more and say a heap less than any other man I ever ran up against; and at the end of the table sits Abe Lincoln Diener, possibly the best constitutional lawyer on the floor, but the possibility is mighty small.

Right at the beginning of the trial on Wednesday there was a show of bad blood. Boyle, with a Napoleonic look on his face, got up and told the Speaker that the attorneys for the House were nudging up too close to the stenographer. Speaker Reno brought his gavel down with a thwack and shouted very excitedly: "I want it understood that I'll have no flirting in"—then he looked over the brow of his desk, and seeing the stenographer was a man, overruled the demurrer. Then the trial went on.

Along toward quitting time, Representative Benz, for it is his special prerogative, moved that the House go into executive session, and in a few minutes we adjourned.

LAW DEPARTMENT.

CARPENTER V. TIMBERMAN.

The statement of facts in this case was published in the SCHOLASTIC some time since, and the trial took place before a jury at the last session of the Moot Court. It involves the law of sales and is based upon the case of Shindler v. Houston, 1 Denio, 48. This latter case was decided in New York when the common law practice was still in vogue, or before the adoption there of the code. The facts may briefly be stated: Houston owned a pile of lumber which was lying on a dock and readily distinguishable from other piles of lumber there placed. He could state with at least approximate accuracy the amount of it, for, some time before, it had been measured and inspected. Shindler called to see him about the purchase of lumber, and they spoke on the subject with this particular pile clearly in view. Shindler offered a certain price per foot for it, and Houston answered laconically, "The lumber is yours." Thereupon Shindler told him to get the inspector's bill and take it to his agent, who would pay the price mentioned. The bill was accordingly offered to the agent, who refused to receive it or make payment. Houston then called to see his lawyer about the matter, and the latter said that he would call on Shindler, tell him that the lumber had been sold to him, demand payment for it and bring suit if there should be another refusal. But Shindler did not appear to be frightened at this show of formality and still refused. Hence suit was entered against him. In view of the facts, the court decided that there had been no sufficient receipt and acceptance of the lumber to constitute a sale. "What was relied upon as evidence of receipt and acceptance," said the court, "was nothing more than the acts and declarations of the parties in the course of the negotiation." There were no such subsequent acts as constituted the open recognition of an existing contract. There was nothing to show that Houston regarded the title to the lumber as having fully passed to Shindler, and nothing to show that the latter considered it as having vested in himself—

nothing to show that he had accepted it.

In a sale there must be not only an actual or constructive delivery, but also an acceptance. In short, the essential elements of a sale are: 1st, parties capable of contracting; 2d, the exact meeting of the minds of these parties in respect to the object of the sale; 3d, the legality of such thing as a subject of commerce; 4th, a valuable consideration, comprising payment in money or credit duly given; 5th, ownership of the thing sold by the seller, who may act by agent as well as in person; 6th, the actual or potential existence of the thing forming the subject of the sale; 7th, delivery to the buyer, including not only its receipt, but also its acceptance."

The sale must be complete at the time of delivery, and nothing must remain to be done then or afterward, in the matter of weighing, measuring or the like. Ponderous articles may be constructively delivered without removal, and need not be manually transferred to the buyer. Acceptance may be manifested: 1st, by statement or intimation of the buyer that he accepts the thing sold to him; 2d, when on its delivery to him his acts in regard to it are inconsistent with the presumption of continuing ownership in the seller; 3d, when after the lapse of a reasonable time for trial and inspection, in the case of purchase on approval, he retains it, saying nothing to the seller regarding his disapproval and rejection of it.

In the trial of the case Leroy J. Keach acted as clerk. The attorneys were Frank E. Munson, Clarence W. May, Ben. L. Berve and John V. Dierer. The jury comprised John W. Sheehan, Michael J. Diskin and John Farragher. Judge Hoynes presided.

Personals.

—From Santiago, Chile, comes word of Henry E. Brown, '02. From all reports he has "gotten in right" in the southern country. The SCHOLASTIC and all at Notre Dame extend him wishes for best success.

—In the *Philadelphia Evening Telegraph* we find a very interesting account of W. H.

Austin, student '85-'87. It tells of the thirty-five years Mr. Austin has lived, and of his rise from a salesman to a multi-millionaire. Evidently Mr. Austin has made good, and Notre Dame is glad to hear it.

—From Texas comes the news of another Notre Dame man scoring. It is G. W. Burkitt, Jr., '02 who having finished his college course went to the University of Texas and studied law. Mr. Burkitt has recently been appointed by the President Postmaster at Palestine, Texas. Mr. Burkitt has always been a strong republican, and the position comes as a recognition of his worth and ability.

—Mr. F. L. Baer, '03, addressed a large meeting of Telephone students at Purdue University recently. Mr. Baer graduated in Electrical Engineering in 1903. He did thesis work with F. J. Petritz on the subject of automatic telephones. The manager of the Automatic Electric Co., Chicago, was much pleased with the thesis, and gave the young man a position as soon as school closed. Mr. Baer is now installer for this Company, and makes his headquarters at Oakland, Cal.

Local Items.

—Found.—A Rosary beads. Brother Paul.

—Lost—A signet ring, "E. E. F." Return please to Corby office.

—The "Dome '07" has gone to press. We await with eagerness its appearance. The reticence of the men engaged is good, remarkable, and so the more ominous.

—All reports from the Infirmary say that Ray Scanlon, the clever catcher, is "doing nicely." He can not, however, do too nice, and we hope matters will hurry up.

—The appearance of Brother Philip and a couple of his men on the grounds looking auspiciously over the place seems to settle the most skeptical that spring is surely coming.

—What has happened to the St. Joseph Literary Society? The Local man has not received a report or any kind of news from the organization with the greatest tradition and reputation at the University. You have made your "rep," St. Joe, it takes something now to sustain it.

—A pretty scene was that on St. Mary's

Lake Monday night when the men of Holy Cross Hall came out into the dark and had a Japanese lantern parade. It was quite a treat for the Sorin and Corbyites who saw the show from their windows; all the more so because unexpected.

—The Parliamentary Law class is still keeping up the proper spirit, and a glance over the parliamentary record evidences some hotly fought battles in the forensic department. Here is where our debaters are born and educated, and here *The Daily Iowan* can find the reason why.

—A rumor around says that the Hill Street line will have its terminus at the gates by May. Be it true, great inter-urban magnate? The attitude of visiting old boys at Commencement will be like the very many other pater in the world who say to the second generation: "Indeed, your father didn't have street cars," and then will flow the usual story about hardships endured, "coming back from time," and more exponented tales. All of which makes us think the second generation had almost a right to say: "That was all right for you, dad, but—"

—Recently two headstones were received from Washington by Brother Leander (James McLain), the commander of the G. A. R. Post at Notre Dame. The headstones bear the names of Rev. Paul E. Gillen and Rev. Peter Cooney.

Father Gillen was chaplain at large in the Army of the Potomac, and many interesting stories are woven about his name.

Father Cooney was chaplain in the army of the Cumberland, and, like Father Gillen, is held in deep reverence and respect by all civil-war veterans.

—As Mr. R. Dougherty can no longer represent Brownson Hall in the inter-hall debates, another preliminary will be held March 15 and a new team selected. The men that represented Brownson in the series of debates that took place before Christmas were not only very powerful in their main speech but were also clever in rebuttal. Mr. McDonald was eloquent in delivery and his language was clean-cut and concise. Mr. H. Boyle, who will undoubtedly again be a prominent figure in the debates that will take place next month, could always be depended upon "to pull the team out of tight places." Mr. R. Dougherty was by far the most eloquent speaker of all the inter-hall debaters, and his loss will be felt most keenly. His many admirers in Brownson Hall expect great things of him in the future. It is to be hoped that a team equally strong and reliable will be found to represent Brownson Hall in the coming inter-hall debates.